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Daughter of chicken



10 0 2

Chapter 1 by sandy sanderville

It was hot and I was filthy, judging by the state of my jeans I'd been involved in high stakes shenanigans

a chicken was resting on the curb not far from me.

As I pressed myself from the ground the creak of my joints told me i'd been here a while, but how long?

I slumped into a more comfortable position and attempted to remember the evening or evenings that had provided these fine mystery stains.

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